

Between the Soul and the Pen

A Collection of Poetry

by

Anas Ali Mohammad Nayef Al-Faloji

First Edition — June 2026

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Anas Ali Mohammad Nayef Al-Falaji

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Dedication

To the eternal soul of my mother

The heart of my father, who pours the soul of giving

The pulse of my heart and my eternal companion — Israa

The joy of my heart and my precious one — Kanda

My four siblings

My beloved family

My friends and those I hold dear

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The Meeting Has Come

*The meeting has come, and tears were waiting
Behind the eyelids, like clouds embracing rain*

*This meeting is like a heart that lived its storm
And today returned to love's soul, victorious again*

*O soul, be generous — my every part trembles now
Sing my letters, and speak of passion in verse*

*The meeting has come, and God has granted us justice
After patience, the moment of departure arrives*

*Love came, and we sailed through its galaxies
And the night, lit by the heart's glow, found shelter*

*I see the heart now in deep devotion
Intending love, moving through passion openly*

*Israa, you are — by God — a miracle
You are the sky, you are the sun, and the moon*

*None like you will come — no, by God, none will
The stars descend, apologizing, when they near you*

I Longed for Your Soul

I longed for your soul since childhood

Do not ask me

And why is that!

I see you as a melody

Profound, dancing with my soul

In it, harmony

All the joy

I am the earth around you, fearing the dark

So tell your soul to draw near

Perhaps I will kiss the light resting softly on your cheeks

Perhaps my heart will glow with your light between your hands

For you are the fuel of my heart

And my heart — I see it, I see it — as the wood

You are the imagination

You are the truth

You are the strong one

You are the gentle one

In you, femininity holds the patience of men

In you, innocence holds the love of struggle

In you is suffering, and in you is the cure

In you, contradiction — all the wonder

I see you as autumn shedding my tears

*And I find longing
Written in my tears
I see you as a fire lighting my candle
So let me see you —
Enough, enough
My heart — I find all exhaustion within it*

*Come, let us fulfill all the duties
By the law of love
Enough of absence
By the right of the heart
And the right of passion
Come, let us stay far
From the world, behind the darkness
To forget the separation
The longing for embrace
And the injustice of yearning*

*Enough of departure
My heart is ailing
Wanting to speak
So tell your heart
That I love
With my soul, with myself, with my heart — I do
Shall we vow that lean years will not return
Years in which we found separation heavy
A bitter parting without any fault*

*A promise and a vow
To keep our hearts
Beating with love despite the distance
Despite the hardship
Despite the pressures
The passing of nights
And the agony of sleeplessness*

*I love you a thousand times, as you say — "antee"
And a thousand more grows for your sake — "antee"
I love you a thousand
And a thousand
And a thousand
And I refuse to exist without you — "antee"*

Your Letters Were Written

Your letters were written the day the Tablet was inscribed

I was the companion near the letter as it was written

You are destiny, and the word of truth is preserved

In your Lord's Tablet — that I am your husband and kin

I loved you when the soul had not yet been breathed

You were an embryo in a heart pure and sweet

I love you with the love of the soul in passion

I love you — I know not why, nor what the reason is

Despite your distance, I find the soul melting

Coming to your soul in dreams, drawing near

It intends love and spends its night in kisses

Until it melts lips moist with passion

You are the beautiful one — in your folds, honey

It appears enticing between your moist lips

Childhood love holds in it the heart's miracle

You find no arrogance within it, no, nor lies

Who but you, when meeting grants me joy

You are the calm, you are the melody and delight

My Letters Were Lost

My letters were lost and nothing remained but my pen

Stepping gently between sorrow and pain

It complains in silence, hoping the self will hear

It complains and rambles into nothingness, into void

For letters roam a lifetime in its entirety

Narrating the tale since creation, since ancient days

Since the beginning, since the very first drop

You find the embryo writing words in the womb

Yet my letters — I see them silent now

Strange wonder — I find myself deaf today

The words have died — how shall I write the letter

Come then, come — like poetry that melted into my words

Come then — my silence is unbearable

Speak the poem, speak the verse, and merge

O letters — I see them coming now

Flow through the seas, in rhythms be composed

The simple meter came — in its rhythms, hope

The poem came to dispel doubt and accusation

O letters, they come now in restless spirit

They come — I see them — violating my blood

*They only come with embers in their air
They come, increasing the heart's flame in my depths
I am the drowning one calling to the waves in fatigue
One death is enough — do not come seeking vengeance
I call upon tears of ink in sleeplessness
Be gentle with my heart — I see it now in my illness
One fall is enough — keep hope alive within me
Until we restore the age of love in my pen
Perhaps I will see you restore the life once more
Perhaps I will see you restore the melody in my song
I narrate beauty — the beauty of God and His blessings
I narrate childhood and forget now, and smile
And I narrate my longing for a warm embrace forever
In it, tenderness — the meaning of the pyramid's peak
I narrate passion in my beloved's arms
I narrate purity — peace in love, my mother
I narrate my veins when you return to your school
Among companions, between knowledge and the flag
I narrate the alley, lifelong friends in a language
In it, truth — all love — and it was drawn
Now you are here, and you are the returning one
You were childhood in its bloom and its decline*

Stay there — for the present is killing me
Among the crowds, the soul wanders in my remorse
Nothing is more beautiful than a child without worry
Playing and passing between dream and slumber
Nothing is more beautiful than a past whose foundations
Remain and are rooted in minds by number

This Life

I see it and find nothing but wonder

Even serenity comes today, unsettled

The lute within it — strange — part of it is joy

Then comes a melody whose noise has grown

You find contradiction in its atmosphere, anxious

Between seriousness and play and idle laughter

I go on searching for the essence of its peace

I find myself more wretched — nothing comes but weariness

I weep and rejoice so its happiness may be pleased

It is pleased a little, then anger follows

I argued with myself — will I find hope in it?

Will it align? And will reproach do any good?

Will a day come when I see joy deep within it?

Remaining, enduring — never turning upside down?

What is the path to the key of its mercy?

And closeness to it gently, without disturbance?

What is the path to satisfying its desire?

This strange thing — I find nothing but wonder

After silence, the self responds in wonder

Stay distant — it neither desires nor draws near

*Closeness to it brings sleeplessness time after time
Until it returns, in an age where it grows estranged
You remain a stranger, never graced with its tenderness
Until you return as dust when it is written
You will find no eternity within it, no, nor infinite time
You will find no desire within it, no, nor reason
That life is a road followed by an appointed end
Either paradise, or fear and flames*

A Poem from the Fourth Realm

*This poem, for my mother's sake, is but a margin
Yet the soul's abandonment nearly dissolved everything*

*The soul of light hovers around its own darkness
And the sun, after its absence, finds unity*

*A body without a soul equals zero
Yet the mass of earth orbits and is revered*

*A voice calls from behind its veil
As though it were the voice of an angel, warning*

*A voice calls with longing and finds contentment
Seeking one word, repeating it endlessly*

*O soul, reveal yourself to the beloved and let him feel
The beloved finds happiness in the soul of your letters*

*You find the letters of poetry intending a bow
And the sea begins its prostration in reverence*

*It calls to witness from behind its veil
Rising with waves to the sky, then settling*

*It finds the echo of that voice singing again
Glorify God — for you are promised*

*I bridled the letters of poetry when I became certain
That union with the beloved renews itself*

*Beyond time, a letter's path ascends
Rising to a realm in the sky, climbing higher

In the purgatory of souls, a fourth realm
In it you find the beloved's soul, bound

For these bonds are the bonds of a dividing realm
Between bodies and particles, separating

O purgatory of souls, tell her spirit
A pulse still beats in hearts, glorifying

It is my mother's pulse, present in our realm
And today, a remembrance in the heavens sings

You find the noble angels surrounding her
A command from the Most Merciful to be provisioned

God the Most High grants her a station
A palace whose light bears witness over her

Beyond time, she smiled and I saw her
In the Garden of Paradise, she has come to dwell

A celebration for a soul adorned in the heavens
A celebration for my mother in paradise, extended*

Statics

*Pressures increase and shear stress grows
Generating a moment resisting all that contains me
Yet my compression embraces my tension
I see it as a fabric — by the miracle of my Lord
It resists all the bending moments
And all the fractures
And the loads upon my back
And all the truths
Even imagination and the delusion of madness
I see myself restoring balance, truly
As an action met by its reaction
And the sum of all consequences equals zero
The truth of all static systems
If you truly desire stillness*

I Love You a Thousand

*I love you a thousand times...
A thousand — I love you, repeat it
Say it and do not restrain yourself
Childhood love is eternal
And I see you as a soul that lives forever
Your eyes are a lover's revolution
In them is life and my resting place
You are life in its light
A moon illuminating my solitude
And the night, despite its stars
Do not abandon it — enrich it
Now you are here
Reveal your love and your telling
And smile as much as passion warrants
Beware of sighing
For love is a spiritual devotion
Will I see you bearing witness?
Let your heart be humble
In love, within my sanctuary
Say: I love you — five times
And intend love as worship
Come, pour the soul of the heart
Draw near, do not withdraw*

For love is eternal
Stay there — exist beyond time
Place your lips on mine
Beware of hesitation
Toast with your toast in passion
We taste the fresh sweetness of love
Melt like a piece of sugar
And let your heart rest in my hands
Your beauty is a lover's wine
Aged so that you may find joy
Between the lips I see them
A part remaining in my hands
Melt like a piece of sugar
Bring your nectar, be tender
And taste the water of life
From the depths of a blooming core
You are the poem in its entirety
And the sea within you echoes
Say: I love you, O my self
A thousand — I love you, repeat it

The Beloved Has Come

*The beloved has come, and in him I find my features
He resembles me and resembles his mother — my love*

*My support in this world, the finest successor
And today he came so I may attain my wish*

*I find him coming to me, arriving with his sword
A hero — I see him as the knight of dreams*

*God bless you, my son — for I
Find in you my sword, my dagger and my arrows*

*My name and yours together in life
A support — I find no other beside you as my guide*

*Today is your celebration, my son, for a moment
And today is my celebration — seeing you before me*

Nostalgia for the Past

You are the one who was the present

And still remains the past

Between you and the future — the distance of my eyes from my body

A soul dwells in me, equal to the atoms of its universe

For you are its universe and you are its particle

Come and dwell in my body

For you are the soul and the self

And you are the essence of thought

And you are the light in my eyes

And you are the heart and the mind

Come and dwell in my body

For neither I nor you shall remain

And we dwell behind realms that torment us

Without time

Without memory, without a past

Without a present

Without any hour to disturb the serenity of our clarity

Come and write my joy

Upon a heart that tears me apart

Come and dance with joy

Perhaps sorrow will forget me

Come and erase all my memory

And engrave in me now

Come — I have grown weary of all who dwelt in my soul but you

Come and return as a mind

Calling a pulse that was lost in my heart

Come and do not disappear like me

For I do not know how to move on

How to remain

How to forget

How to depart from visions that embrace all my veins

My soul calls to the self of my body

My soul sings behind the bars of life at the height of its peaks

I call upon all of myself

I call upon the pulse of my heart

I call upon veins that were the memory

I call upon eyelids that hid drops of my tears

I call upon my self — where does it leave me now

Who am I without a soul that sings each morning

Who am I without a self that embraces the darkness of my night

And conceals the bitterness of my days

Who am I without a body that roams the universe for days

Remaining like my days, accompanying me without purpose

I am not Joseph in the bottom of the well — never

I am not Jesus — the cross torments me, never

I do not know who I am

I ramble about a self that negates itself

What is the way without an "I"

While sorrow roams and finds contentment

Melodies

*I shall spend my day now
And I will not look back at what was
My life passed without my true self
As though I had been intoxicated*

*I am a human with a past
And I have the future and I have the now*

*I ignored the living present
And my mind returned to distant ages*

*My soul grew weary within my body
I grew weary of now and of this moment*

*I am nothing in my own eyes
As though I had been a human being*

*I entered within myself one day
And found the self to be fire*

*It has an eye that gazes at me
I see my heart within it — it suffered*

*I am a heart with a pulse
That masters thought at times
It has a string — when I rejoice
It calls out to sorrow's melodies*

And the melody remains upon my string

And the melody remains as laments

And sorrow remains a song

And the heart chants its grief

I see my body without a self

Like poetry that inscribed its rhythms

Like a flower that grew in autumn

Alone without you now

I have grown today by multiples

And throughout life, it has been loss

When I return in wisdom

And speak the word in faith

I shall remain in the darkness of night

And gift the night my sorrows

O my soul, enough of grief

Shall we not forget what was

An Engineering Poem

Arrange your lines according to the description, waiting

For the approval stamp from supervision to descend

Erase your boundaries and keep the survey precise

And let your excavation reach the full required depth

Weave your iron to elevate a foundation

That toils and endures the load they place upon it

Drive into it the necks of columns

Ninety in diameter — the length, you'll find, connects

One third you see connected from the depths

While the remainder connects after the pour

Begin your isolation to preserve your foundations

A long life — so no ailments may invade

Protect your structure from damages, taking

A light board of fibers to insulate

Bury your concerns beneath the compacted earth

And inspect your backfill — how much remains and condenses

Bind your column with two thirds standing

So it may transfer the bridge's moments across

Hold your column before the pour in timber

Until you erect the bridges, then they slide into place

*Give your load a resting point within the beams
And let your props with jacks bear what must be borne*

*Water your surfaces after the pour
For water conceals cracks that weight has caused*

*Cut your walls with brick for the rooms
And keep your wall aligned along the string*

*Mix your mixture of water and sand
And let your mixture bind with cement*

*Shorten your wall and keep the reduction level
And water it — for water of the mix is what saves it*

*Begin your plastering with putty as the start
And smooth your wall — leave no imperfection within*

*Mix your paint in water by its ratio
Until you see it like water graced with honey*

*This poem is a poem of engineering within
From the foundation until the door is locked*

Separation Has Grown Long

Separation has grown long — how can the soul endure

While life passes and the heart's pulse waits

I am the stranger without my mother, without my homeland

And the wound remains, fermenting in the cup's bitterness

Among the diaspora, I wonder — how do I know myself

My land calls out — I see it shattering now

Was your patience, O Job, a miracle?

Or is your soul capable of bearing all fates?

Tell me, by your Lord — the soul is bleeding

Tell me, by your Lord — how can the soul endure?

The soul suffers, calling to death in despair

Refusing eternity, finding the universe fading

I see myself without a self, without a body

Like a shadow that fades in sunlight, vanishing

Separation is my companion — how can it not know me

I can no longer remain — how can the fracture mend

Prayer for the living is in vain

How can prayer for me now be considered?!

I closed my eyes and night almost captured me

Perhaps the tears will find their hiding place

*This eternity in abandonment increased my pain
It bleeds the heart and finds the soul breaking*

*O soul of my mother, come and dwell in my body
Enough of absence — for the universe apologizes*

*Enough of absence — for the soul is melting
And the heart remains a prisoner of anguish, torn apart*

*O soul of my mother, come and weave my joy
For grief within calls to sorrow and restlessness*

*My patience lies in seeing you now in devotion
Around the gardens, the soul roams in spiritual retreat*

*God bless you — eternal in paradise
And the hours within you — I see them filled with wonder*

Introduction to the Secret of Life

*If you desire victory, you must break the chains
Only be keen on willing it to be
The mind holds an attraction that has manifested
And the universe holds a secret that answers the call
O one gazing at the distant desire
You see it close — if you come, it comes
Only rise and repeat: near, near
You will find it responding — and God, Lord of the heavens
The matter seems easy, but there are conditions
If you fulfill them, you will not know hardship
You must scatter your wishes
As a condition that equals the conditions of supplication
Then rise with sincere and steadfast faith
Then rise and await the meeting
The weapon of life has two edges
Either survival, or perishing
If you truly desire to survive
Then hasten with an attraction that serves survival
You see the secret in it — the attributes of God
Merciful, severe, generous in giving
Do not cast a thought toward what you do not want
As you cast, you receive — by the decree of fate
Do not cast a thought with two directions*

Here the secret does not know which to choose
The Prophet spoke one day in words
Beautiful and profound, surpassing all intelligence
I shall recite to you the words of the Prophet
In the meaning of the words only, nothing more
Do not feign illness — you must rise
For feigning illness is the thread of affliction
And after affliction, an angel with a command
To elevate your soul above the heavens
From this moment, you must reign in deed
And command your mind toward excellence
For minds have a ruler
If you are not that ruler — where then is contentment

Love of the Mansaf

*O you who scattered almonds over my fingers
One piece of meat upon my back is enough to carry

They pressed the tender veins against their chests
And surrounded my body with traps, invoking God's name

They scattered their hands over me in stealth
They severed my veins in eager devotion

And the hands of the cooking pot come with the milk
That walks to my heart with a fire that kills

In their feasting they declared me a mansaf
And the mansaf within their depths pervades

In their grief, my heart — I see it torn apart
And in their celebrations, I see it truly eating*

The Sword of Jerusalem

Those promises — God of the universe is their speaker

In them is eloquence, all justice and wisdom

If hardship comes, relief follows after

The chest has tightened and we call the wise to witness

We shall not forget a right, though time grows long

We are the diaspora, and in our depths are embers

Where is peace while my land lies in sleeplessness?

Where is peace and how can the wound heal?

The land of peace — for years, no peace within it

And the people there hold fast to God's rope

Strike with your sword — God has given His promise

Declare your word and let the deaf hear

If you rise while all the West supports you

God is patient — ask the nations before you

You returned, so we returned — if you increase, we shall meet it

Weakness is fear for those who betrayed and wronged

And victory is certain coming, without a doubt

Read your book — within it the matter is resolved

Look at yourself — no hope remains here

Look at your people — how they are defeated today

*We are a trial from God the Most High for you
And know that soon we shall have our vengeance*

*This cause shall not be forgotten, and we shall not forget
A generation passes it to a generation, merging within it*

*Be gentle with your soul — God is our supporter
The day is coming and regret will be of no use*

The Soul of Peace

Peace be upon you, O half of my being

O pulse of my heart

To you, peace

Peace be upon you at the beginning of letters

And the "S" of peace

The grace of dignity — the "A" of conclusion

Come to me with your pulse

With your soul, with your self

With your lifetime

Come with the half that completes my being

Come and melt in the cup of love

Come and melt within my very self

Come — for you are the love of childhood

Come, let us dwell beyond time

Come with a soul that embraces my soul

To draw a lifetime without any hour

In the meaning of eternity

Come, let us break all boundaries

Come — for you are the deity of love

The symbol of affection, the truth of words

Childhood Love

*In childhood love, God placed a sign
You see the heart — by its creation — struck with wonder
And the pulse within it — you see it as a melody in passion
To become poetry about the beloved and inspire
A moon that melts the heart in the darkness of dusk
Day comes and you see it as a shining sun
It is a paradise in which love is the truth
And the heart trembles when it sees her — it weeps
Israa — within her folds lies what no eye has seen
Nor has any ear ever heard*

My Mother

*In my mind, all the days are one day
After it, the days — no, they cannot be understood
The mind has become confined within its day
And the heart has become tormented, aching
A day in which you see souls grow bound
And they stopped in their moment, lost in illusion
A day in which you see hearts have changed
Whispering to the world with eyes that demolish
No clarity you find, no light, no
You find souls within themselves stuttering
A day in which you see eyes have retreated
From tears of a raging heart rising high
In it is calm and a scream within me
In it, contradiction — and wonders drawn
In it is bitterness and harshness in its night
In it, daytime — the darkness of an eye that dreams
In it, sands scattered by its winds
Leading my days to a mountain of oblivion
In it, clouds gathered around it
And intertwined above me — if only they would linger
You find within it hours spent as ages, bewildered
They pass, and yet they do not pass — they do not know
O anguish of days — where is the meeting place*

*How difficult souls are when they surrender
As though a coffin lay within me
Knowing of this day, yet keeping silent
The candle does not weep without fire for its wick
The light does not come in darkness to prevail
In the parting of days, you find a darkness
Rambling about one day that was silenced
If only my days would return in happiness
My longing for them rises above the imagination
If only my days would roam through my world
For their warmth is a language in a contented heart
How is life without the days that
Drew love upon my heart — love that sketches
How is life without days that have passed
My heart, with their memory — I see it humming
My mother is the days — the sea of my poem
And I am the day that cannot be understood*

Israa

*Israa is my mind, the heart and its pulse
Israa is all of me — in her passion, I am lost in love
The beats of my heart speak a poem
For she is the station and all that resonates
She is childhood and innocence in passion
She is the queen in my heart, finding bliss
I do not fear my soul when it finds its particle
For death within her is a paradise that speaks
Israa is a star in the sky — a truth
Israa is a dream for one who never dreams
Israa is a universe and beauty in its creation
In it, purity — letters of love are drawn
She is the smiles of life and its sorrow
She is the cure and all that aches
Within her, the letters speak a poem's text
In her chest, a weakness — I see her silenced
Israa — how is the universe without its mystery?
And the universe within her — I find myself misunderstood
Say — how is the light without you, O my self
You are the self and without you, the soul ceases
And the secret remains — how do I remain without her?
And the secret refuses to speak, yet conceals
She is time in all that love created*

*She is the place in all that I speak
O paradise of lovers — I am in love
Do not deprive my heart of a heart that loves*

The Arena of Life

*I wade through the waves, despite them, in a battle
Where defeats consume the very moment of victory
And if the eyelid of dawn grows heavy over my hope
The stars bear witness — I shall never be defeated
Even the wounds wade through the night, unable
Intending to come, yet finding the soul already healed
I am the stranger and all the universe witnesses me
I am the drowning one — yet despite death, I smile
The nights come and a pulse in passion, restless
Narrates the poem in a melody laden with regret
I am a conscience that sees within itself a void
Strange — I see it and find no pain within it
Strange — I find myself a prisoner of silence in deafness
Strange — I find myself and find nothing but an idol*

Two Years of Separation

O mother — do you intend departure in happiness?

Is this distance truly destined to be eternal?

My soul calls today — where is the meeting place?

And the heart asks — will I see you again?

I found myself in the darkness of my universe, settled

Until I fell in love today with my own darkness

My universe no longer exists within its time

As though the departure's effect has frozen it

Two years, O mother — enough of your estrangement

Return to my universe — I see it scattering

Return — for the heart has grown narrow in its night

And the night refuses to disappear, in rebellion

Two years, O mother, and your earth is still moist

As though your soul cannot bear to be confined

I am Anas, and the pulse is a supported pulse

And the soul dwells in the spirit of Muhammad's legacy

Zaid — I see him today growing older

After separation was so certain and so confirmed

Raise Your Head

*O our national team, our beloved — we are with you
Whatever results you bring, our souls are your ransom
Today, victory comes with you to the land of Mexico
And tonight in America — God protect you*

*Raise your head, lift your voice
Cheer for the champions
We will keep beating for you till death
With dignity and valor*

*You there sitting — rise and leap
Let your voice ring out high
Strike first — come on, strike
O our beloved national team*

*O champion, O champions
Come out and show yourselves to us
Record it, record it, O history
We have reached the World Cup*

*My greetings — O my greetings
By God, you are true men
With skill and with tactics
I see victory before me*

Raise your head up high

Cheer for the champions
We will stay with you till death
With dignity and valor
O our beloved national team